

## WOMAN SUSPECT HELD IN STRANGE SERIES OF DEATHS

Mrs. Vermilyea, Arrested After  
Fiance Dies of Poison,  
Tries Suicide.

LIFE INSURED TO HER.

She Has Collected \$15,000 on  
Lives of Husbands and Oth-  
ers Who Passed Suddenly.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1.—With a police officer on guard to-day at her bedside in the Hahnemann Hospital, where she was hastily removed following a suicidal attempt upon being arrested last night, Mrs. Louise Vermilyea may face the charge of having caused the death of not less than nine persons, either relatives or closely associated with her. Her attorney is taking steps to-day for the examination of at least six bodies of persons with whose deaths, it is believed by the police, Mrs. Vermilyea had a great deal to do. Some \$15,000 insurance money has been paid to her on account of these deaths. Dr. E. L. Bissonette, toxicologist of Rush Medical College, is making an analysis of the liver of Arthur F. Bissonette, who died in convulsions at the Mercy Hospital last Saturday.

Bissonette, a probationary policeman attached to the Twenty-second street station, was a boarder at Mrs. Vermilyea's house, No. 418 East Twenty-ninth street, and, according to the woman, they were engaged to be married. Those whose deaths that Mrs. Vermilyea may be called upon to explain include her two husbands, a son, two daughters, a granddaughter, a conductor and Bissonette.

### SEEK WEALTHY MAN WHO JILTED THE WIDOW.

The police are also trying to discover the present whereabouts of a wealthy man who was engaged to Mrs. Vermilyea, and who failed to appear on the day set for the wedding. The man is believed to be in Chicago, and his explanation of the eleven-hour sitting of the prisoner may throw some light on the mystery surrounding the woman. The prisoner declares herself the victim of an unfortunate series of coincidences. Bissonette, she says, was poisoned by some one jealous of his attentions to her.

Corra and Florence, Mrs. Vermilyea's children by her first husband, died at the age of eight and four and a half years, respectively. Harry J. Vermilyea, thirty-one years old, telegraph operator, died at No. 265 West Laverne Parkway of heart failure, superinduced by malarial fever, on Sept. 30, a few days after he is said to have quarrelled with his stepmother over the sale of a house at Crystal Lake, Ill.

Lillian Brinkamp, twenty-six years old, granddaughter of Fred Brinkamp, first husband of Mrs. Vermilyea, died Jan. 2, 1908, at No. 235 Cleveland avenue, of acute nephritis.

### HUSBANDS AND THREE BOARD- ERS DIED SUDDENLY.

Fred Brinkamp, sixty years old, first husband of Mrs. Vermilyea, died on a farm near Barrington, eighteen years ago. The widow inherited \$3,000 worth of property.

Charles Vermilyea, second husband of the woman, fifty years old, died at Maplewood two years ago, leaving \$1,000 in life insurance.

Frank Brinkamp, a son by the first marriage, twenty-three years old, died a year ago, leaving the widow \$1,200.

Richard T. Smith, a conductor, who roomed at the Vermilyea home, also died suddenly.

No formal charge has yet been made against Mrs. Vermilyea, who was aware that the police have been watching her movements for several days. Shortly before her arrest yesterday she declared that she had no fear of the investigation already begun. "They may go as far as they like," she said, "for I have nothing to fear. I simply have been unfortunate in having people dying about me."

My first husband was a farmer and he drank himself to death, though I should be ashamed to admit it. After I was a widow for two and a half years I married Vermilyea and we moved to Chicago. He was on a train run to Jayneville, Wis., when he became ill and after he was brought home I nursed him until his death. "My son had married a widow and divorced her before his death, so that explains how I came into possession of the \$1,300 life insurance."

### CORONER ORDERED ARREST PENDING INQUIRY.

Mrs. Vermilyea said Bissonette was to be admitted into the Home Guards, through her efforts, and that the insurance he was to carry was to be made out to her, while after they were married he was to be made beneficiary of the insurance she carried.

So far, Coroner Hoffman, who ordered her arrest, admits there is nothing to show that any of the nine were poisoned, but the circumstances compel a field investigation.

"Next Friday will tell the story," added the Coroner. "If it is then reported that Bissonette died from arsenic or other poison, I will ask for permission to examine at least six bodies of persons who have died in the same house where Bissonette died, or who were connected in one way or another with the persons who occupied the house. I am making no charges against any one. All that I can say is that the subject under investigation will fall flat or it will develop one of the greatest mysteries the country has ever known."

Dr. Springer, the Coroner's physician, who is aiding Dr. Leont in the analysis of Bissonette's liver, was more outspoken, however.

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## Schoolgirl Type Has Vanished From City Life, With Braided Hair and Skirts to Shoe Tops

Between Matrons Trying to  
Dress as Girls, and Little  
Girls Aiming Make-Up of  
Matrons, Most Charming  
Type of Femininity Is Lost.

Something Hobbled, Rouged  
and Pompadoured for  
Conquest Has Taken Her  
Place.

Permitted to Use Powder  
Puff and Rouge Pot Lest  
They Miss Trick in Mar-  
riage Game.

Encouraged by Mothers to  
Prefer Expensive to Ap-  
propriate, Striking to Be-  
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With Pathetic Innocence  
They Emulate in Hair,  
Clothes and Carriage the  
Worst Type of Chorus  
Girl.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

The young girl of fourteen to sixteen is obsolete in New York. One may search the streets from the Battery to the subway's end without meeting one bona fide specimen of the old-fashioned schoolgirl with a braid reaching to her waist and with skirts to her shoe tops—and without puffs, "rats," pompadours, false curls, hobble skirts or French heels.

Between the endeavors of our matrons to look like school children—and what a sight they are with their tight, abbreviated skirts!—and the efforts of the schoolgirls to dress like matrons, the freshest and most charming type of femininity has disappeared from New York life.

We see little girls of eleven and twelve on their way to school, thousands of them every morning, and a sweet and charming sight they are. And then suddenly they disappear and something new and strange, that is not quite woman though it carries all the paraphernalia of mature womanhood, yet is no longer little girl, appears hobbled, pompadoured and picture hatted and ready for conquest.

"The young girl no longer exists except for stage purposes in the big cities," a man remarked yesterday after reading a speech made before the W. C. T. U. convention by Dr. Louise C. Parinaton of Boston. The physician declared that less attention is paid to the welfare of children than to the care of horses and hens, and her suggestion for improving the health of both women and children was offered in the brief formula—

"NO HAREM—NO HOBBLE—NO HIGH HEELS!"

GIRLS NEED PROTECTION FROM THEIR OWN TASTE.

Now, I think most of us will agree that if a grown up woman wants to wear false hair, color her cheeks or her eyebrows or carry a stick of red salve about with her, "because her lips chaps so easily," she is well within her constitutional rights. But surely the very young girl should be protected against her own immaturity of taste which

prompts the imitation of this cosmetic Venus.

There are girls of fifteen and sixteen in New York City who rouge their faces quite as often and as much as a matter of course as they wash them. And they are girls living in good homes and supposedly surrounded by good influences.

They hobble their undeveloped or unchained bodies in tight skirts that make them into unconscious caricatures of the mode they seek to follow, and offer to the jeering passerby the most daring revelations of their flat little chests.

Unconsciously, and with the most pathetic innocence, they emulate in hair and clothes and carriage a type of woman of whose existence many of them are quite unaware. And they are not in the least to blame. Girls of fifteen and sixteen dress as their mothers permit them to.

MOTHERS ARE TO BLAME, NOT THE YOUNG GIRLS.

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"Do you believe that Bissonette met a natural death?" Dr. Springer was asked.

"No, I do not," he answered.

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When she was taken to the Hahnemann Hospital last night it was believed that she was prostrated by her arrest, but during the night she developed symptoms singularly like those of Bissonette, and the police believe she tried to kill herself when she went for her hat and coat after the warrant of arrest had been served on her.

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the young daughters to dress like the worst type of chorus girl?" I asked Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer, founder of Barnard College.

"There's no doubt that many of our little girls under seventeen go about with their faces powdered and rouged with false hair and pitiful tight skirts," said Mrs. Meyer, "and the mothers of such girls have much to answer for."

"But the truth is, they don't dare suppress the powder puff and the rouge pot in the case of their own daughters for fear the poor little things will miss a trick in the marriage game and other girls with less fastidious mothers will win possible husbands away from them."

But this doesn't seem to be the whole story. A great many mothers do not train their daughters to the husband-hunt. For marriage is not the good, solid investment that it used to be. Divorce has become too easy to make a wedding seem like a paying life investment. And marriage, moreover, is about the only profession a girl can adopt in which age and experience will diminish her efficiency instead of increasing it.

No, the real explanation of the disappearance of the young girl among us is the snobbishness of our dominant ideals.

The inexpensive gowns, the simple arrangement of the hair, the inconspicuous jewels, all the visible symbols of girlhood which are sought after and emphasized, even in the attire of royal princesses, in older countries, are not good enough, not costly enough for our overburdened "little women."

They prefer, and their mothers encourage them to prefer, the expensive to the appropriate, the striking to the becoming.

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ATE A BRIDAL RING, MAYBE.

"Where's the wedding ring?" is the question that is bothering twelve members of the Monday Evening Bowling Club of the P. C. which section of Brooklyn. Monday night the club bowed as usual and had supper afterward.

The chief feature of the supper was a big cake, baked by Miss Helen Cuff of No. 205 Cumberland street. She sliced the cake into thirteen pieces, one slice for every person at table. The diners bit upon strange objects, such as buttons, peachpits, etc., hidden in the cake.

After it had been devoured, Miss Cuff asked, "Which of you got the wedding ring?" Everybody looked at his or her neighbor, but nobody said "Here!" Yet the ring could not be found anywhere. Some over-bashful person got up, Miss Cuff thinks.

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## MRS. McREE SURE OF ACQUITTAL ON CHARGE OF MURDER

Case Expected to Go to the  
Jury To-Day, and a Speedy  
Verdict Is Predicted.

OPELOUSAS, La., Nov. 1.—With the hope that the end of her ordeal was near at hand, Mrs. Zee Runge McRee, accused of the murder of Allan Garland, the Tulane University student, entered court to-day as counsel were preparing to submit their arguments. If these are not prolonged it is believed Mrs. McRee's case will go to the jury this afternoon. A speedy verdict is anticipated.

Mrs. McRee's lawyers are confident of acquittal, they holding that the prosecution has been unable to produce evidence damaging to the defendant. On the other hand, the prosecutor intends to make the most of the fact that the three bullets Mrs. McRee fired at her victim as "he was advancing on her" all entered young Garland's back. The prosecution is relying almost entirely on the testimony of a single witness, a testimony aimed to show that the degree of intimacy between Mrs. McRee and young Garland was such as to preclude the argument that she feared bodily harm at his hands.

### HURLED INTO THE PASSAGE AS BALLISTITE EXPLODES.

Workmen Injured and Buildings  
Wrecked at Dupont Powder  
Works in Haskell, N. J.

Three of the buildings of the Dupont Powder Works at Haskell, N. J., are ruins to-day and two men are in the hospital as the result of an explosion of ballistite late last night. The buildings contained much valuable machinery and the damage is estimated at \$20,000.

Edward Brown, foreman of the shift that was working in the plant where the explosion occurred, is suffering from a broken arm and hand. He was severely cut and bruised when he was blown through the side of the building. Several other workmen were blown into the Passaic river, but were rescued. Peter Norman was so badly hurt he could not swim and was dragged ashore by fellow employees.

Ballistite is a nitro glycerine compound used only in shotgun powder. It is highly inflammable and explodes with great force. A shot of ballistite came in contact with some hot metal and took fire, the flames running along the sheet of explosive to a barrel filled with the unfinished product. Norman gave the alarm and the men rushed for the doors. Several got out before the explosion came, but the others were blown through the door and into the river.

There were three distinct explosions followed by fire that wrecked three buildings before extinguished.

## Missouri Waffles With PRESTO Self-Raising Flour

This is an old famous southern recipe: Two eggs, well beaten, 1/2 pint sweet milk, two tablespoons butter, soft, not melted, and two cups of Presto.

Everything—cakes, cookies, biscuits—made with Presto are light, tasty and never fail if you follow recipes. Best flour and purest "leavening"—that's the Presto secret.

Recipes in every package.

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\$5.00 Gold Eyeglasses, at \$1.00